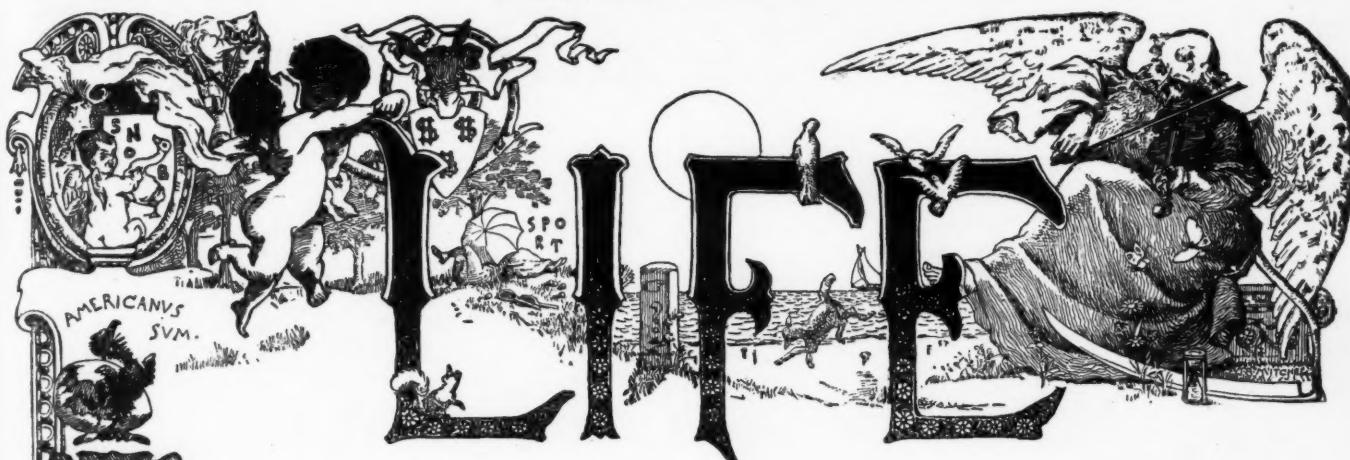


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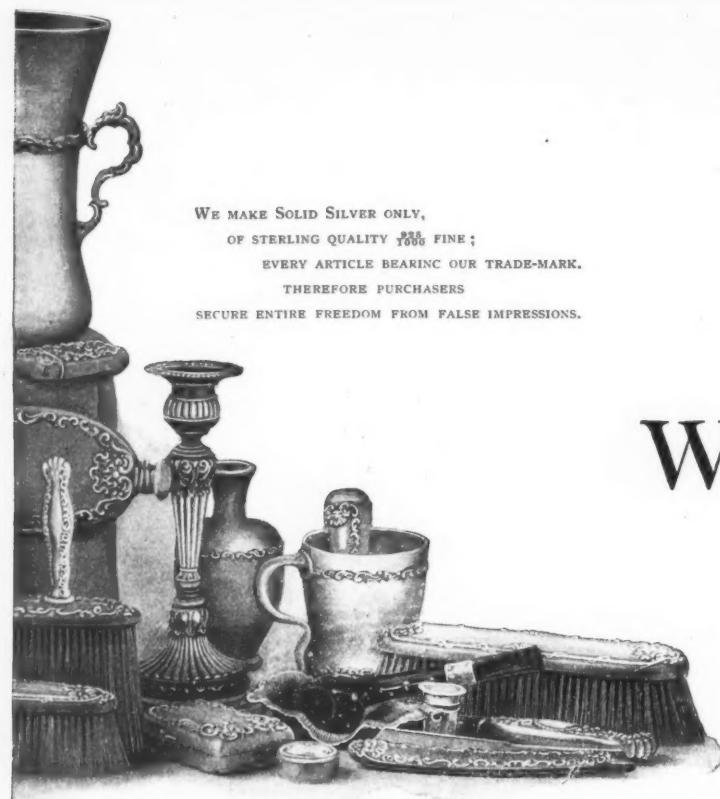
A CONSIDERATE GIRL.

Flora: I CAN'T DECIDE ON A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR ARTHUR.
"GIVE HIM YOURSELF."
"HE MADE ME PROMISE NOT TO GIVE HIM AN EXPENSIVE PRESENT."

Solid Silver

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WE MAKE SOLID SILVER ONLY,
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EVERY ARTICLE BEARING OUR TRADE-MARK.
THEREFORE PURCHASERS
SECURE ENTIRE FREEDOM FROM FALSE IMPRESSIONS.



E. A. Morrison & Son

Announce that they will show
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Holidays

a very choice variety of
Real Bronze Ornaments,

DRESDEN VASES,
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TOYS. (Basement.)

No child, no parent should fail to see the grandest Christmas exhibition ever attempted. The space occupied is four times that of last year, containing

Dolls of every nation,
Soldier Suits of all armies,
Guns, Trumpets, Noah's Arks,
Punch and Judy Shows,
All kinds Christmas Tree
Ornaments.

Games of all kinds,
Building Blocks, Wooly Animals,
Drums, Jacks-in-Boxes,
Jumping Jacks, Toy Farms,
Steam Railways and Boats,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

SANTA CLAUS has promised to honor our Basement with his continual presence from now until Christmas.

Any little boy and any little girl can simply whisper what presents ought to come by Christmas—and the old gentleman has promised to hear every wish.

BOYS' SLEDS.....75 cts. to \$4.00
(No boy should be without one.)

BOYS' ICE SKATES—
AMERICAN CLUB—{ 97^{cts.} to 3.00
NICKEL.....

Boys' Buckboards—
Single and Double-Seated....{ 3.75 to 5.50

Our New Candy Dept. (Basement.)

The largest in the city—**CANDIES GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE** and the **BEST** in New York, and fresh every day. Bon Bons, Buttercups, Chocolates, Peppermints, old-fashioned yellow molasses candy—Candied Fruits.

Stern Bros.

direct attention to their

large assortments of

Articles

in all departments
suitable for

Holiday Gifts

consisting in part of

Sterling Silver

Novelties and

Toilet Article

Leather Goods

and Fan

Bric-a-Brac

Lamps and

Lamp Shade

Umbrellas and

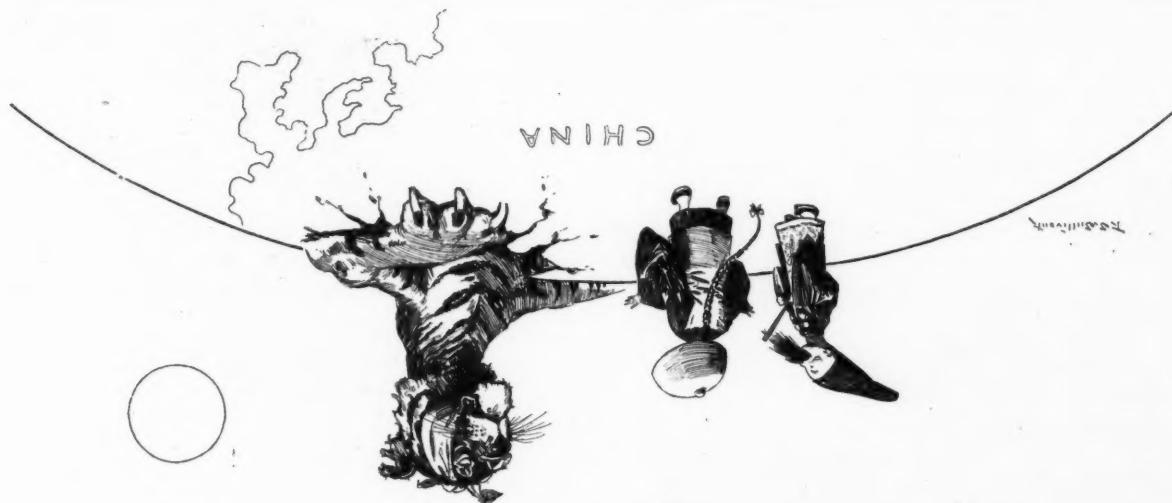
Real Lace Article

West 23d St

VOLUME XXIV.

LIFE.

NUMBER 625.



AN ECHO FROM AFAR.

First Mandarin: BLESSED SIGHT! 'TIS THE HOLY TIGER OF WANKY WUM.

Second Ditto: COME OFF! IT'S THE TAMMANY TIGER OF NEW YORK—BURIED SO DEEP HE'S COME ALL THE WAY THROUGH.



Santa Claus: POOR LITTLE THING, I NEVER VISIT HER EXCEPT IN HER DREAMS!



THERE IS NOTHING SLOW ABOUT JOHNNIE.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIV. DECEMBER 20, 1894. No. 625.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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LIFE remarks with interest the rumor that Senator Daniels of Virginia is disposed to abandon the Senate and go into the ministry. The Senate, nowadays, is not much of a place, and if Senator Daniels really feels a strenuous call to promote the spiritual welfare of his fellows, it seems all the more a pity that he should not stay where he is. Senators practice law, gamble in stocks, own railroads, steel trusts and engage in various kinds of business without ceasing to be Senators. If these secular employments do not interfere with the work of legislation it seems a pity that legislative functions should be thought to be at variance with more pious works. It has been thought that there was something of a dearth of truly good men in the Senate. If Senator Daniels wants to do good, by all means let him stay where he is, and try to be a means of grace to his colleagues.

* * *



WHEN the Chinese at Shanghai called for the two Japanese spies who had taken refuge at the American Consulate, Secretary Gresham looked at his hand and let the young men go. It is not asserted that he held cards which warranted his keeping them, but it is thought in some quarters that if the Secretary had been as proficient in the national game as he is said to be he might have made a bluff. To give those young men up to torture may have been justice, but it would seem as if diplomacy might have at least delayed their fate by having them held in a jackpot while the cards were being shuffled. In view of this uncomfortable incident at Shanghai it would seem as if the great reputation of the Secretary as a poker-player must be founded on the malice of his enemies.

* * *

IT is a pity of course that New York is not to get the Walters art collection. There are more people in New York than there are in Baltimore, and the collection if kept

in the Metropolitan Museum would give pleasure and profit to more observers than if left where it is. But that Mr. Walters should prefer to keep his collection in his own family and his own town is entirely natural and cannot occasion complaint. There is enough inducement already for folks from lesser cities to visit New York, and any allurement that any citizen can contrive which shall help to make any other American town a good place for New Yorkers to visit will help to alleviate one of the great disadvantages of living at the centre. Now, if the gentleman who bought the peach-blow vase will hold up his hand it will gratify his fellow citizens to be able to identify him. Several years of renown to which he was entitled have already been lost to him. His countrymen are anxious to meet him, and if he can be induced to disclose where he keeps his vase they would be glad to have a sight of it.

* * *

ADDICKS, the gas phenomenon, is attracting much attention to the State of Delaware. It seems a pity that our national machinery includes no appliance for absorbing states which have degenerated into the condition of rotten boroughs. Delaware, like Nevada, will continue to send her two Senators to Washington, but at

least it is possible to send them back to her if they can be shown to have bought their seats. Her voters cannot well be made to pay Addicks back his money, but at least they may be helped to cheat him out of his goods. Delaware seems to be pretty wicked for such a little State.

* * *

THE value of the game of football to nineteenth century civilization continues to be the subject of vigorous dispute. Most of the men who play maintain as of yore that it is a grand game. Folks who don't play are of diverse minds. Some are surer than ever that it is a brutal sport; others point out that it is the palladium of our liberties and

that without its robust and invigorating influence an enervated people would be at the mercy of the first invader. The game must be valuable indeed if it is worth such a preposterous deal of discussion. After all it hardly calls for legal intervention, and may be trusted to work out its own destiny like any other form of sport. It is over now for

this season, and parents have nearly eight months in which to determine whether to furnish the material for the campaign next fall.





Famous Violinist (after his great solo) : DO YOU PLAY ANY INSTRUMENT, FRAULEIN ?

Miss Ethel: No ; MY MOTHER ALWAYS SAID THAT HER CHILDREN SHOULD NOT BE A NUISANCE TO ANY ONE IF SHE COULD HELP IT.

WHEN MY COUSIN COMES
TO TOWN.



CHERRY VALLEY'S
finest raiment—
Quaint, yet beautiful to
see—
Rightly decks its fairest
claimant
To sweet femininity.
Miss New York, *au
fait* in fashion,
Smiles at Cherry
Valley's gown—
Smile half envy,
half compassion—
When my cousin comes
to town.

Miles on miles of streets of shopping ;
How she revels in the sights !
Every window finds her stopping ;
To examine its delights.

And I join in her inspection,
For two sparkling eyes of brown
Show in the plate-glass reflection
When my cousin comes to town.

If she warms about the city
In her healthy, happy way,
Miss New York politely witty
Is about her *naïveté*.
But to men, such girlish rapture
Is a far from common noun,
And each day shows some fresh capture
When my cousin comes to town.

Goes the maid to Seidl's, Sousa's,
Horse-Show, Metropolitan—
Over each one she enthuses
As but Cherry Valley can.
Is it strange when breezes waft her
Homeward, sorrow weighs me down ?
I am "broke" for six weeks after,
When my cousin comes to town.

W. P. Bourke.

CHOLLY: It wained so hard I
had to get under shelter.

SHE: Who told you it was raining ?

WALL STREET PHRASES.



"PAR FLAT."



SANTA CLAUS UP TO DATE.



"THE HALCYON DAYS OF YOUTH."

IN her volume of very pleasing essays, entitled, "In the Dozy Hours," Miss Repplier says of the books of one's youth, "The thrill of anticipation, the joyous pursuit, the sustained interest, the final satisfaction—all the sensations of delight belong to our earliest acquaintance with literature. They are part of the sunshine which gilds the halcyon days of youth."

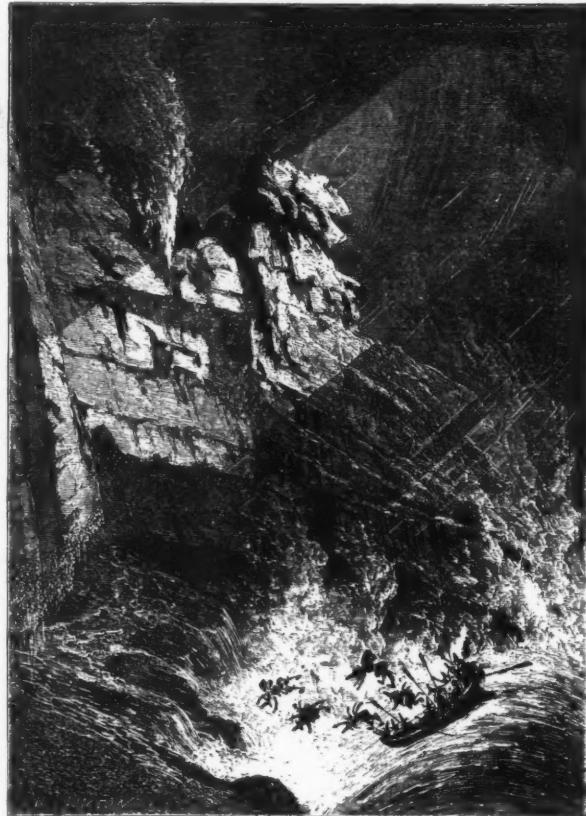
We are inclined to think that literature and the frequent accepted assertions of commonplace people have very much exaggerated the quality of "halcyon days," even in the most favored childhoods. It has been said so often that we accept it as true—but down in the sub-cellars of our hearts there is a very definite feeling that youth is not all that it is cracked up to be. There remains the memory of a time when we were haunted with vague terrors inspired by insignificant things; when, under the dogged passivity of childhood, we were as sensitive as aspen leaves and our elders did not understand; when our chums were persistently cruel to us, and we to them; when little jealousies pricked us at play, and greediness caused us much pain in the night watches. All these miseries were so absolutely unnecessary—as we look back upon them! A little of the light of experience would have swept them away.

A good healthy man would not exchange the pleasures of a real holiday in the woods, when work and maturity have taught him just what he wants, for a whole month of the vacation of a boy who merely plays at having fun. A man has whole octaves of melody in him; a boy, a simple chord or two which he repeats over and over again.

In the mere feeling of physical comfort and well-being a healthy man is far ahead of a boy—for the boy knows little of the adjustment of himself to new conditions. He is always expecting a change of surroundings to usher in a perfectly magnificent millennium, but soon finds that it is the same old world to which he must adjust his little body.

* * * *

BUT in the matter of the pleasures received from books read in youth, a good deal is to be said in favor of Miss Repplier's plea. The very immaturities and strange fancies which make a youth miserable in active conditions, tend to increase his pleasure in the quiet moments when he reads a book. A child does not want to understand a book or a story; the mystery of it is part of its charm. The



THE WONDERS OF AMERICA.
PLYMOUTH ROCK, SHOWING THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.



THE WONDERS OF AMERICA.

MONUMENT TO ANTHONY COMSTOCK, CENTRAL PARK, N. Y.

child's fancy starts better on its little flights from what it does not understand, and would not if it could. "Don't tell me any more about the Yosemite and Monterey," said a little girl to her big sister who had returned from a long journey, "tell me a fairy story." That is why a child will listen by the hour to rhymes and stories full of grotesque and impossible words. He knows that nothing is expected of his little understanding. For it is a good bit harder work for a boy to get at the reason of things than a man—and even a man does not like the job.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

THE HONORABLE PETER STIRLING. By Paul Leicester Ford. New York: Henry Holt and Company.
Baron Kinatas. By Isaac Strange Dement. Chicago: M. T. Meed.

HOW THEY MANAGE IT.

IT is natural to believe that an animal being cut up alive would utter sounds of some kind, either in protestation or involuntarily from excess of agony. But Professor Schiff once endeavored to show the folly of this belief when he said before the *Societe Protectrice* of Geneva, "I can assure you in good conscience that during the past twenty-five years no one has heard in my laboratory a single cry of pain from animals under any operation."

In a recent article by Dr. Berdoe, a good deal of light is thrown on this subject. He says: "And how is it that no one has heard such cries? Listen to this; he says in his book on *The Physiology of Digestion* (Tom, 1er., p. 291), 'I am obliged to subject to this last operation (that of cutting the inferior laryngeal nerves of the vocal organs) many of the dogs newly arrived at the laboratory, to prevent these making too noisy nocturnal concerts and so discrediting physiological studies amongst the inhabitants of that neighborhood.'

An unexpected visit to Professor Schiff's laboratory, discovered the presence of a considerable number of living dogs with open wounds in their throats, which the Professor confessed had been made by him to prevent the animals from howling and disturbing the neighborhood.

This is only one more specimen of that gory sense of humor which seems to be developed by vivisection. It is the meriment of the torture chamber. It is the sort of fun we should expect, between Spanish inquisitors as the hot irons were applied to a Protestant's feet. In fact it is simply what it pretends to be, the sickening cleverness of a man who derives profit and pleasure from the prolonged and unspeakable tortures of helpless animals.

"YES," said Miss Beaconsthill, "for five generations my ancestors have lived and died there, and I, too, was born and brought up under the shadow of the old State House."

"Poor thing," replied Miss Lakeside, sympathetically. "How awfully unhealthful that must have been. And I suppose that is the reason you never really got thawed out."

"THINK of the white-robed choir over there!" whispered the young rector, as he bent over the pain-drawn face on the pillow.

A spasm of anguish passed over the wan features of the dying organist.

"Choirs!" he gasped—"Choirs, over there? Away! and let me die unrepentant!"

LIFE



WHY IS IT ALWAYS

THE ENTERTAINMENT IS GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIST
IS THE FAMOUS HURDLE JUMPER, WHO HAPPENS TO BE SOBER THIS EVENING

LIFE .



IS IT ALWAYS THUS?

STINGUISHED SCIENTIST WHO SITS BY THE TABLE. BUT THE REAL FAVORITE
OVER THE EVENING.



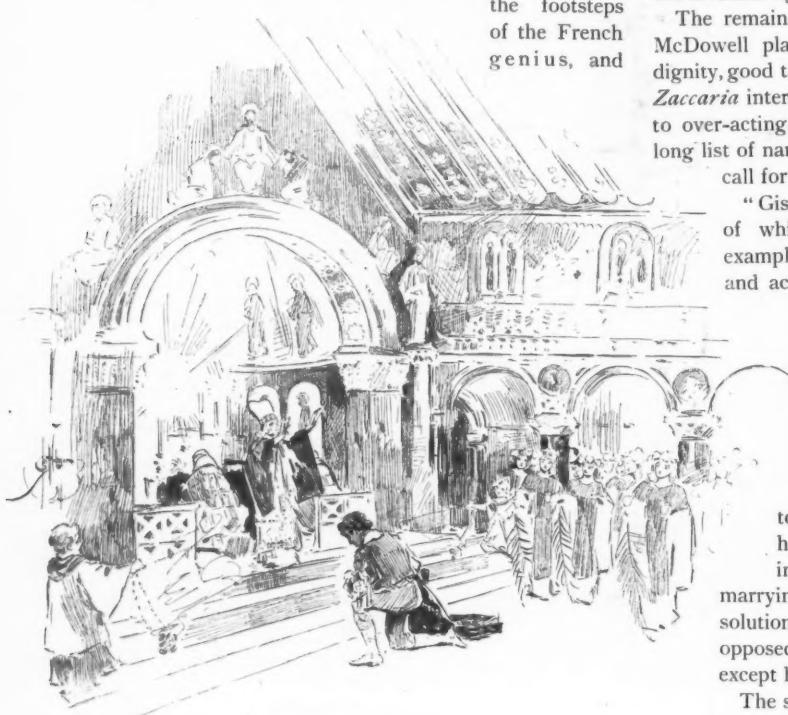
"GISMONDA."



GISMONDA.

OME one has said that the poor music lover who comes away from his gallery seat at the opera and whistles the "Miserere" as he walks home, has not in his ears simply the sound of his own whistling. No matter how poor a whistler he may be nor how he may afflict those who hear him, to his own senses it represents orchestra, scenery, tenor, soprano, lights, warmth, brilliancy, and all that he has enjoyed. So Miss Fanny Davenport's performance of Victorien Sardou's *Gismonda* is doubtless only representative of what the part might be. It is impossible to witness her interpretation and not picture Mme. Bernhardt in the same rôle and therefore be impressed with the American actress's shortcomings. For reasons, excellent from a business point of view, Miss Davenport chooses to follow in

the footsteps
of the French
genius, and



ALMERIO'S RENUNCIATION.

therefore almost compels the mental comparison of artistic merit.

The years have been kinder to Bernhardt physically than they have to Miss Davenport, and although this is the latter artist's misfortune rather than her fault, it makes us believe that the one could be far more consistently than the other the *Gismonda* of the author. Sardou pictures her, it is true, as the mother of a six-year-old child and the imperious ruler of the Duchy of Athens, but he also allots to her scenes and situations which call for the sprightliness and coquetry of youth. In these spots Miss Davenport's art does not suffice, and where lightness and delicacy are required the effect is almost painful. She only suggests the playfulness and magnetism of the Bernhardt of even these years—never for a moment realizes them. Nor does she bring to her dignified scenes the regal grace and command they require. In these respects she is sadly hampered by her physique. In the more forceful scenes she comes nearer the requirements of the part, and it is a matter of congratulation that she indulges in no ranting or screaming. In the great scene of the play, the killing of *Zaccaria*, her work is really excellent. So much cannot be said for the trying incident where she is picturing to the audience the contest between *Almerio* and the invisible tiger for the life of her son.

The remainder of the cast is adequate. Mr. Melbourne McDowell plays the not exacting part of *Almerio* with dignity, good taste and force. Mr. Theodore Roberts makes *Zaccaria* interesting, and successfully avoids the temptation to over-acting, which it presents. The other parts in the long list of names on the programme are all minor ones, and call for no special mention.

"Gismonda" belongs to that type of Sardou plays of which "Theodora" is the most conspicuous example. They are semi-barbaric both in mounting and action, and give full swing to gorgeousness of effect and strength of situation. In the present case the story makes a strong draft on the imagination in its treatment of a woman's motives. It makes her prefer personal dishonor to perjury when she might have escaped both, and an incidental murder, by simply marrying the man she loved, a solution of her difficulty which is opposed by no one and by nothing except her pride of rank.

The setting that Miss Davenport has given the play is really the



FRANCESCO.



ZACCARIA.



ALMERIO.

most elaborate of anything seen here since Mr. Irving's latest visit to this country and in many respects it even exceeds his accomplishments in magnitude. The church scene in the last act, considering the difference of period, compares most favorably with that in "Much Ado About Nothing." The costumes are artistic in design and superb in material.

Taken altogether, play, acting and setting, "Gismonda" is better than well done and is very well worth seeing.

Metcalfe.

NO CAUSE FOR WONDER.

MRS. CAWKER: I wonder why drum majors wear such frightfully big hats.

MR. CAWKER: You wouldn't if you could once see the size of a drum major's head.

UNNECESSARY SYMPATHY.

I ALWAYS felt sorry when I met Jim—
Poor fellow, he's married now;
And life is a serious thing to him,
For he lives by the sweat of his brow.

And the cares of a family weigh him down,
And he slaves to run the house;
Why, Jim was the gayest boy in town,
And I'll bet he's as poor as a mouse!

And because he looked so worn and sad,
I tried whenever we met
To talk of the good times we'd had,
In hopes that he might forget.

Till I said I was living at the club;
Then I felt a deep chagrin;
Lest he should think I was trying to rub
His misery further in.

But he exclaimed: "That's a horrible life!
No child to climb on your knee;
No quiet home and the loving wife"—
By Jove! He was pitying me!

Harry Romaine.

NEW TO HIM.

MISS SCRIBBLE: The heroine of my next story is to be one of those modern advanced girls, who has ideas of her own and doesn't want to get married.

THE COLONEL (*politely*): Ah, indeed, I don't think I ever met that type.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

To the Editor of the *New York Evening Post*.

DEAR SIR: Will you kindly inform me which you think will have the more debasing effect on future civilization—brutality on the football field or brutality in the editorial columns of your newspaper?

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

THE BEST TIME.

NODD: My baby looks lovely when he is asleep. You ought to see him.

TODD: When shall I call?

NODD: Anytime during the day.

"HOW can she marry old Croesus!"

"Because there's no other way to be his widow."



He: YOUR FATHER SEEMS TO THINK I CAN'T SUPPORT YOU, DEAREST.

She: THAT'S NOT HIS FAULT. EVERY TIME HE HAS PASSED THE PARLOR, THE GAS HAS BEEN TOO LOW FOR HIM TO SEE ANYTHING.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING CHURCH'S PICTURE
OF "THE MAID AND THE SKULL." **NOT**
A DENTAL ADVERTISEMENT.

"O H, grinning skull, I pray thee tell :
Had'st thou lover to love thee well?"

"Shall I like thee" (can such thing be?)
"Grow such a ghastly thing to see?"
"Solve me the riddle Death," saith she.
"See!" quoth the skull, "I'll solve it thee—
When that of Life you solve for me!"
"Both mysterious are," the maid replied,
"For me—who live; for you—who died;"
"But, tell at least"—her breath beneath—
"What did you use to cleanse your teeth?"

Johanna Staats.

AND WHEN HE TOLD IT NO ONE BELIEVED HIM.



FASHION NOTES.

"AMONG those present were" Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Astor, Mrs. Paran Winthrop, Mr. and Mrs. W. Butler Cutting, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Harriman and Count Brokholst.*

On Friday night, when Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt had Mr. and Mrs. William A. Duer as her guests, she was attired in straw-colored satin, and some diamond ornaments on her corsage and a small diamond bird in her coiffure. Mrs. Duer was in black brocade.

And Mr. Duer?

He must have worn something.

And if so, what was it?

This is another instance of the carelessness of society reporters. They seem to think the men are of no importance. For all we know Mr. Duer may have kept his ulster on all through the dinner. Readers in Arizona will suppose he ate in his linen duster and rubber boots, while the Alaskan will picture him in a seersucker cut-away with seal-skin trousers.

Or was he also in straw-colored satin with a diamond bird in his hair?

Can it be he was so insufficiently clad that the reporter took pity and was silent.

Why not describe his clothes? Nothing could be flatter and more trivial than the information already given. Why must we read that these persons had their dinner that night? Who cares whether Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt in the privacy (!) of her own house wears one diamond bird in her hair or a whole aviary?

* It seems to us that, although these names have a familiar sound, the printer may have made mistakes in setting them up. However, it is of no importance to the general public; the owners of the names are the only ones who will care to unravel them.



MISFITS.

THE saddest things that the observer of mundane matters has to contemplate are the misfits of life. Some little failure to connect, some slight misproportion in what seems an utterly unimportant cog in the wheels of destiny compels ambition to halt.

To an editor's desk there came one day two poems.

One was signed,

"Obadiah McFazzle."

The poem that he had written was :

REVERIE.

At twilight, where the mists drew nigh
To scan the mirror of the lake,
We wandered, happy, you and I,
And dreamed ; nor knew that we must wake.

This was not love. You told me so.

Yet oft I think Forgetfulness
Would confidently, long ago
Have claimed a feeling which was less.

The other poem was different. It was signed,
"J. Cecil Francesca,"

and read :

Miss Mary McGuire
Once lighted the fire
With kerosene. What a mistake !
We remember her yet
With a sigh of regret
That she couldn't be back for the wake.

So are the threads of fate tangled, and two men
made miserable when they could have basked in
the sunshine of success by simply trading names.

Philander Johnson.

DIFFICULT OF SOLUTION.

TOTLING: I have a labor problem for you.
DIMLING: Go ahead.

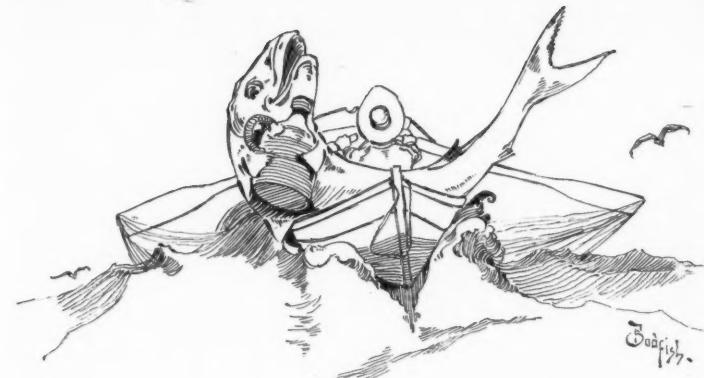
TOTLING: If four men can do a piece of work
in seven days, how long will it take six men and a
walking delegate ?

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

JONES: What did you mean by giving me
this cigar ?
BROWN: What's wrong with it ?
"Nothing."

SATISFACTORILY ARRANGED.

JONES: My wife prefers linen sheets and I
prefer cotton.
ROBINSON: How do you manage ?
JONES: Oh, we compromise.
ROBINSON: How's that ?
JONES: Well, we—er—compromise on cotton.





MRS. SNIFFWELL: Why, Bridget, you have been eating onions!

BRIDGET: Shure, mum, you're a moind reader.—*Exchange*.

EDITOR: It seems to me you've been a long while grinding out this article.

REPORTER: Yes; you see I wrote the first half of it on the typewriter and the last half with a fountain pen.—*Exchange*.

CALAMITY ORATOR: Now I want some intelligent workman to stand up here and answer me one question—

(Stout-looking man gets up.)

CALAMITY ORATOR: Now, sir, please tell me, in the presence of this audience, why you don't have more work. Speak out! Let the people hear!

WORKMAN! Because I have to sleep!—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

MRS. BINKS (*reading*): Women can endure pain better than men.

MR. BINKS: Who says that—a doctor or a shoemaker?—*New York Weekly*.

FIRST PHYSICIAN: Is this a case that demands a consultation?

SECOND PHYSICIAN: I think it is. The patient is extremely rich.—*New York World*.

WHEN the first edition of Thomson's "Seasons" came out the poet sent a copy, handsomely bound, to Sir Gilbert Elliott, of Minto, afterward lord justice clerk, who had shown him great kindness.

Sir Gilbert showed the book, which was really a credit to the publisher, to his old gardener, who was a relation of Thomson's. The old man took it in his hands, turning it over and over, and gazing at it in evident admiration. Sir Gilbert asked:

"Well, David, what do you think of James Thomson now? There's a book that will make him famous all the world over, and immortalize his name."

David, looking first at Sir Gilbert and then at the book, replied proudly:

"In truth, sir, it is a grand book! I did na' think the lad had ingenuity enow to ha' done sic a neat piece of handicraft as that."

And without a glance inside the handsome covers, the gardener handed the book back to his employer, repeating his surprise that his poor poetical relative should have attained to such praiseworthy work.—*Youth's Companion*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, Agents.

MAX O'RELL tells this story about himself.

I had just returned to the hotel after having given a lecture on the Scotch at the town hall. I was half undressed when there came a knock at my bedroom door. It was a waiter bearing a card. The Presbyterian minister of the town wished to see me at once on a very urgent matter. I bid the waiter show the reverend gentleman up. A man of about fifty, in the usual black ecclesiastical coat and white cravat, and holding a soft felt hat, appeared in the doorway, wearing a sad face. I recognized him as one of my audience that evening.

"Excuse my costume," I began, "but you wished to speak to me on urgent business and I thought best not to make you wait."

"There is nothing the matter with your dress," he broke in. "This is not an affair of the body but of the soul. I have come to pray for you."

I was taken a little by surprise and felt a trifle disconcerted, but I quickly regained my composure. "Why, certainly," I said, "with the greatest pleasure if it can make you happy."

He knelt, put his elbow on the bed, buried his head in his hands and began: "Lord, this man whom Thou seest near me is not a sinful man; he is suffering from the evil of the century; he has not been touched by thy grace; he is a stranger, come from a country where religion is turned to ridicule. Grant that his travel through our godly lands may bring him into the narrow way that leads to everlasting life."

The prayer, most of which I spare you, lasted at least ten minutes. When he had finished, my visitor rose and held out his hand. I shook it.

"And now, said I, "allow me to pray for you."

He signified consent by a movement of the hand. I did not go on my knees, but with all the fervor that is in me I cried: "Lord, this man whom thou sees beside me is not a sinful man. Have mercy upon him for he is a Pharisee, who doubts not for one moment, and that without knowing me, that he is better than I. Thou who hast sent in vain Thy Son on earth to cast out the Pharisee, let Thy grace descend upon this one; teach him that the foremost Christian virtue is charity, and that the greatest charity is that which teaches us that we are no better than our brethren. This man is blinded by pride; convince him, open his eyes, pity him and forgive him, as I forgive him. Amen."

I looked at my good Presbyterian. He was rooted to the floor, amazement written on his face. I once more took his hand and shook it.

"And now, said I, "we are quits. Good night." He went away somewhat abashed, pocketing the mild reproof.—*Exchange*.

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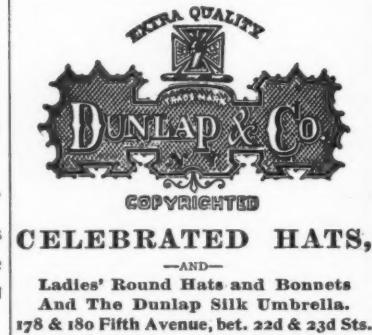
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